FISH LAKE

ANTHOLOGY

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VOLUME 1

On May 31st, 1993, the Parker-Longley-O'Hearn cousins, aunts and uncles (and some friends) got together at the cottage on Fish Lake to remember their dear son, brother, father, and uncle, Jim Parker, with the installation of a memorial bench in the Fish Lake cemetery.

Along with a lot of eating, gabbing, hiking and frog catching, a poetry event was held. With Brian Longley as the MC, topics were thrown into the group with a time limit of 5 minutes each, and participants were to write a poem about each topic (if they were inspired). This volume is the result of their "spontaneous combustions." Hopefully, it will be one of many.

Christmas, 1993

SPOONS

Cyrano de Bergerac

I carry my adornments on my spoon.
I do not dress up like a poppingjay, but inwardly,
keep my spooniness.
I do not bear with me, by any chance,
a spoon not yet washed away,
a spoon yellow with unpurged bile,
a spoon frayed to rags,
a set of spoons badly worn.
I go comparisoned in spoons unseen,
Trailing white spoons of freedom,
garlanded with my good spoons.
No figure of a spoon, but a soul clothed in shining spoon.
Hung with spoons for decorations,
twirling, thus, a bristling wit,
and swinging at my side, spoons.
And on the spoons of this old town,
making the sharp truth ring,
Like golden spoons.

originally by Edmond Rostand (Cyrano de Bergerac)
modified by Jenny Holesha

The egg shaped head,
dips in like a dune,
The long silver handle
is that of the spoon.
by Michael O'Hearn

You wake up in the morning
and your eyes feel glued shut.
You try to get up
but you fall on your butt.
You get up to go to the bathroom
not really expecting such a big BOOM.
A miracle happens and you open your eyes
then you look at the wall
in the direction your body flies!
"Dog-gone it! Look at the big bruise on my thighs!"
by Amy Parker & Nora Longley

SAND

A place to unwind
Sunlight reflects on the surface of water,
Children play in the sand.
Dogs run without leashes, across
the warm beaches;
fish jump from afar.

Find a place to take a break
a place to sit back and relax,
Lift your head, look around,
Wildlife abounds.
If you search long enough
you will find
your place to slow down.

by Sarah Parker

Limerick

There once was a grain of sand
Who thought it was quite grand.
But then in a mass,
It turned into glass.
And the piece just slashed my hand.

by Jenny Holesha & Staci O'Hearn

The sand in the glass,
falls quickly.
The people age,
In the book, turn a page,
Each grain is another life,
falling away. When will it stop,
when will we all be together again.

by Sarah Parker

The sandman cometh

Lets hope he comes soon
To all of the kids and me
If he comes fast
It will be a blast
And then we climb up a tree.

by Joanna Parker Lees

Sand is the clean state that I stand
on when I want to be the first to step
where time leaves no trace of yesterday's path.
Memories gather like grains of sand
where time grinds them smooth and
leaves them impossible to count yet
soothing to watch, shifting slowly
and spreading to hold the larger shapes that only
define footprints.

by Deb Parker

Sand, like a hand in a band
Or a grain, in the rain
beating, heating,
sleeting
On my land of sand
Would it were a band

by Joanna Parker Lees

The sand is too small to me
to count it would take all day.
You could count from dusk to dawn
until your family and friends go away.

by Michael O'Hearn

Sand

Spending all day on the sand.
The beach really is a beautiful land!
But as you go back home again, there's nothing to lose,
Cause as you walk up, you can feel
the sand in your shoes. You dump out the
sand then it's so plain, so then you go
back to the beach again.

by Nora Longley and Amy Parker

LOVE

Bonds form nothing more
than a glance that dances across
the room from eyes
wary of giving the wrong cue
to the right moment. Look too
long and time will turn love to
stone writing reality in cold
letters shift your gaze
too soon and all that will remain
is a faint tracing in the sand.
Let the bond pull the eyes to
a new perspective where two
plus two equals one.

by Deb Parker

Love by a Cynic

Love is so mushy it goes
Squishy, squishy. People sometimes like
the movies about love but I find
them above reality.

People say they love — but I don't
believe them totally.

by Caitlin Longley

A Poem for Young Men

A misjudged word,
used, sometimes, without thought,
do you love me or do you not.
You may use that word,
when things get hot, but
do you mean it, are you true,
tell me what love means to you.

Is it an excuse, that you can use,
to get what you want, for your own good.
Do you know that love hurts me,
when it is used wrong.
Do you really love me?
If so, how long.
How long will it last,
as long as your pleasure,
you cannot use love,
to throw around at your leisure.

Do you not understand,
can't you hear what I say
I want you to mean it
to care about me.
Love is so painful, I don't understand,
please tell me the truth,
is love what you feel?
I don't think I trust you
Your love hurts me so.
I think I must leave you, your love I don't know.

by Sarah Parker

Symbolized by the heart
sometimes lovers fart or even
release gastric juices.
Sometimes love is as ugly as puss is.
Sometimes love is stupid
like a naked baby named Cupid.
Sometimes love is ugly
like bugger green buggies
All they want is a little
Love, is that O.K.?

by Mike O'Hearn

Love

Love is running
towards you on
the sand, with his
arms openwide,
and just as you
are about to embrace,
you duck away,
and he runs into
a wall.

by Laurie Parker

Love is like garlic.
It's good for you!
it's nutritious
and keeps evil at bay—
vampires and werewolves
(to name a few)
And the warmth does stay
on your breath
and in your breast
(your heart, that is).
Love is like garlic,
you can warm it up,
it gets soft and then,
you can spread it around!
Love is like garlic
not only for good health
and staying power,
but because it makes
our family flower.

by Emily Parker

Love to Hate

Adam and Eve began the love
way at the beginning of earth
Even though they were quite bare,
they really had a lot of care.
Out of them popped many more,
And then love really began to pour.
Children played and babies laughed,
And then all of a sudden came a big draft.
Parents spanked children for things they
did not do, and people said to each other
I HATE YOU!

by Amy Parker & Nora Longley

Love is like SPAM

Love is like SPAM!
You admire from afar.
You want it.
But when finally you take a piece of it,
You yak and wish for
the days of not so long ago, when you
admired from afar.
Now you just want to brush your teeth
and indulge yourself in Chocolate
Which, by the way, is a
panacea for everything obesity.

by The SPAM School of Writing
(Jenny Holesha, Staci O'Hearn, & Laurie Parker)

BABIES

The Barfy Baby

So soft and gentle to the touch,
even though they don't know very much,
who cares, they like teddy bears,
sucking away on theory little nuk,
they don't even understand that book,
as you read them the book they don't understand
they start to grab you with their little hand.
As uncomfortable as it may be
the baby starts to gurgle and garf
and pretty soon it will barf.
And after the barf it gives you a smile
which is equal to a memory
that will last more than a mile.

by Amy Parker & Nora Longley

A new life is born,
like a small tree.
It has pushed its way through
to become what it can be.

by Sarah Parker

Kinds of Babies

A big fat chunk
who might be a monk.
A skinny twig
who might wear a wig.
Cute, tall,
ugly, or small,
they're all the same to me.

by Mike O'Hearn

Babies

Babies are cute and fun to play with.
Though they cry and are crabby and use the bathroom a lot.
Don't you just love their little feet and their tiny laugh.
Sometimes they don't go to sleep when you like
but babies are still fun!

by Caitlin Longley

Babies (A Recipe)

You put together:
some drool
and a diaper
some sweetness
and lost sleep.
Keep for eighteen years
and refrigerate.

by Laurie Parker

Babies Babies

Babies, babies everywhere
Babies, babies have no hair.
Let us make a little wreath
With babies, babies without teeth.

Babies babies like to drool.
They make their own little swimming pool.
They goo and ga and giggle and giggle
But all they like to do is wiggle.

They can be as cute as a little bug.
They ooze around like a little slug.
Babies, babies like to cry
Then they reach and poke out you eye!

by The SPAM School of Writing

It is so soft and cozy within the womb.
A fetus is surrounded in comfort.
In only minutes this is stolen
as the curtain is torn and the window opened.
The fetuses world is turned upside down.
As bright lights shine into her eyes
and her warmth is stolen.
She has made the change
from unborn to baby.

by Jennifer Murphy O'Hearn

Born unformed
we think the
world writes
the script.
As cells divide
But deep within
lies something
sweet that begins
as joy....
created in a
sudden smile of
shared life that
gradually widens
and falls inward
to become the
soul's home
a place
the world can
never touch.

by Deb Parker

It's hard to remember,
but I think it was nice,
Is it possible to be a baby again, twice?
I'll take off most, or all, of my hair,
And crawl around in a diaper, or at least almost bare.
Everything would be funny, or
everything would be sad.
No doubt, being a baby ain't half bad.

by Brian Longley

RAIN

Rain

The rain trickles down, all over the ground
It shines and glistens on the leaves,
just like crystals from the sky
the rain falls all over me.

by Caitlin Longley

Rain

The wetness soaks into your soul
It gets inside your body.
It plays with your emotions,
Digs deep into yourself,
Why who'd ever have thought,
that those sparkling young drops,
could take your feelings
and wrench them in two.

by Sarah Parker

POETRY

A Poem

A skilled spilling of words
A rolling of synonyms
Metaphors in herds
Similies and anacronyms
A place for depth in brevity
Not a place for nerds
Filling a mental cavity
A skilled spilling of words.

by Jessica Parker

Poets—Try

1. Like we stated in the title,
2. Poets try and try and try.
3. Then try and try and try again,
4. Until, at last, they stab themselves with a permanent marker.

by The SPAM school of writing.

Poets write poetry with words
but plumbers make poems with pipes
joined in precise economy of form
to carry a working man's pride
with quiet flowing grace.

by Deb Parker

If I became a cannibal,
and ate my mother,
she would be the
Poet Laurieate.

by Laurie Parker

Poetry

Roses are red
Violets are blue
That was poetry
and this is too.

by Mike O'Hearn

Poems

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Poetry is sweet and so are you,
if you can write poetry.
Nice, clever poetry that is!

by Caitlin Longley

What is this? A poem?
Words on the line:
"Hello, how are ya? I'm fine!"
Tickling the toes of blackbirds and blue,
A somnambular thought comes through.
There are three different cow groups in the chant box!
She was heard to say.
There was a poem here, but it went away.

by Brian and Nance Longley

Candle Vax Drippings

Poetry is like bovines.
It goes in the pasture
Gives milk
Has fur
And makes cheese.
Wait a minute, no it doesn't!
It doesn't have anything to do with poetry.
Except for the fact that I can't make either one.

by Jenny Holesha

Poems

Take a look at a poem,
and you shall see,
it represents a soul,
a heart, a body and mind.
It holds the dear thoughts
which all humans hold dear,
it can take minutes, or even
years, but poems can be music, to thine ears.

by Sarah Parker

Incredible to see this night
How words and sounds reveal a sight
Exposing insides, outsides, traits and charms,
reveals comrade to many poets delight.
Funny or sad; silly or serious—
The themes are often times various.
Although the poet may be mysterious,
The Poet is, undoubtedly, here with us.

by Emily Dickinson Parker

In my family, sharing is important, especially the sharing of music, food, art and attics. Virtually everyone in my family is musical (I am an exception); my sister, for example, is a cellist and has a full scholarship to college. In fact, everyone in my family seems so creative to me; therefore it is very common to make things and then give them to a family member, as my cousins did for my dad when he was sick. Food is important simply because it is a good excuse for us all to get together. But, attics are probably the most important thing we share; it is common in my family for aunts, uncles, cousins, in-laws to live in the attics of other Parkers. For instance, when I was a baby, my aunt Nance lived in the attic of our house while she went to college, and now I live in the attic of Nance and Brian's house when I go home for vacations from school.

My grandmother's (whom we call Bomma) eightieth birthday party captures my family now very well. All the important people and elements that mean "family" to me were present. My uncle Dick's band played music and my aunt Deb sang while my cousins and I danced; there were floral centerpieces artfully arranged by my aunts, and a big banner, drawn by my cousins, with caricatures of my family. At the party all my "parents" were there: my mom, step-mom, and the ones I now live with (in the attic), aunt Nance and Uncle Brian.

from "The Parkers" by Emily Dickinson Parker